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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THE FAME OF INFAMY

"The good no more than evil deed survives in fame.
The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome,
Outlives—in fame, the pious fool
Who raised it."

We do not remember just now who wrote the above sentiment, but regardless of his name the sentiment is correct, or as someone said of an aspiring poet's effort, "There is more truth than poetry in it."

Millions of gallant sailors have gone down at sea and have been forgotten, yet Captain Kidd and Buccaneer Morgan still live in the pages of history.

Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr are as familiar names in American history as Paul Revere or "Mad Anthony Wayne." Jesse Pomeroy will not be forgotten for many years while millions of square, brave young Americans have never been heard of though they were in and of the world during the period in which he became famous, perhaps we should say notorious, for his crimes. Cleopatra stands out pre-eminently on the pages of ancient history, and yet she was—well General Green would not allow her to hang around Camp Lewis. Every Sunday school pupil knows of Cain, but many will fail to answer any question as to Seth. Another example is furnished by the "Disciples." Of the twelve Thomas who doubted; Peter who denied and Judas Iscariot who betrayed are known far better than any of the others, unless perhaps John. More than that the evil deed here seems to have far out-run "in fame," the good. Any at all familiar with the Bible will at once name the three disciples mentioned if asked to name the twelve, and more than that will perhaps fall down before they can name three others. Coming down to our own time it is safe to say that Oregon's senator, Chamberlain, who has done splendid work for the country is not half so well known throughout the country as LaFollette, who comes near being in the Benedict Arnold class.

These are but a few picked at random, and the reader, who cares to investigate, will find the pages of history are impartial in giving as much "fame" to the evil as to the good deed.

"Sixty per cent of the capacity of the auto factories is to be taken over for government use, is the latest news for auto owners or those who contemplate being such. The government wants 125,000 trucks, and is going to have them regardless of the effect on the pleasure cars. In this connection it might be stated that a scarcity of gasoline will be the next trouble autoists will face. For this reason those owning autos should use them only when necessary. All joy riding should be cut out in order to conserve gasoline. If this was done throughout the whole country, there might be enough "gas" for all. It is a dead certainty however that if the autoists do not reduce consumption voluntarily, the time is not far distant when the government will interfere. The wise auto owner will "conserve" and begin right now.

One of the real political tragedies of the war is Austria-Hungary fighting to assist the kaiser, who if successful will literally swallow the country now sacrificing so much to help him. If the kaiser wins there will be no more Austria-Hungary. It will be a section of the German empire and under the domination of the kaiser. It is about as cold blooded a proposition as any the kaiser has yet formulated, to destroy the country that helped him win. The saving feature of the situation is that the kaiser cannot win, and so Austria-Hungary will be saved from herself and also from the Prussian military system already waiting to devour her.

The unspeakable Turk seems to be getting whipped "from Dan to Beersheba."

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

NAY! NAY! ISADORA

Miss Isadora Duncan discussing the dance says: "Take your pencil in hand. First draw me the form of a woman as it is seen in nature; and then draw me the form of a woman in the modern corset and satin slippers." The only part of this request we can comply with is the taking of pencil in hand. If we drew the form of a woman as she appears in nature we would have to label it. As a drawer we 'fess up to being an utter failure. When we got through with the artistic stunt suggested it would be a wise guy who could tell whether it was a woman, a chicken or some other creature having but two legs. Then again suppose the woman as she appeared in nature was a good feeder and showed it in results, would she look like a dancer even should the artist get the form true to nature? Perhaps Isadora was thinking only of artists, for come to think of it, they seem to have greater familiarity with lovely woman as she is seen in nature and sometimes on the stage, but they always pick their subjects. As to "drawing the form of a woman as she is seen in a modern corset and slippers," we pass the buck. We refuse to be one of a party of two where the lady poses with no more extensive wardrobe than Isadora mentions. Neither can we draw on memory for such a combination. We are engaged in running a newspaper, and deal in facts, not figures either of speech or females. If Isadora will furnish the drawing we will have a cut made, and maybe put in the "new today" column, in fact the newspapers these days run such cuts daily only they insist on a ruffle or a bit of lace both at the top and bottom of the corset, and some even insist on a pair of shoulder straps, or strings or something of that kind, besides a smile that won't come off—and leave the fair one insufficiently dressed. Lady Godiva is about our limit in this direction and even with her we must insist on her taking out her hairpins. Nay, Isadora, we will travel with you far in fancy but when it comes to putting that fancy on paper with a reporter's stub of a pencil we quit, ignominiously weaken.

An exchange says "the dealer who lets food spoil rather than cut prices deserves the condemnation of everyone in times like these." The statement is correct save that the punishment does not go far enough. The cold storage man who allows eggs to spoil in his plant rather than put them on the market at a reduced price deserves to be locked in jail and be given nothing to eat but the eggs he has refused to sell. He should be made to eat the whole caboodle.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

CHANGING TIMES

When I was young, long ago, I labored on a Kansas farm; I drove the dun mules to and fro, and whaled them with my strong right arm. I left my couch at early morn, before the darkness passed away, and husked the yellow ears of corn throughout the sunny autumn day. I sold some corn, not once or twice, but many times, in those past years; twelve cents a bushel was the price—oh, think of that and shed some tears! It took about a ton of corn to get a haircut and a shave; the farmer's spirit was so torn he longed to fill an early grave. And now the farmer drives to town, with load of corn on creaking wain; the purchaser must pony down two bones a bushel for that grain! To one who's sold his loads of maize, his harvest, at twelve cents a throw, these seem the golden, happy days of farmers—but they still have woe. Today I talked with David Dale, who bought the farm of Hiram Horn, and he was loaded down with kale, for he had sold a load of corn. "The way they soak a man in town," he said, "just makes a fellow reel; our faces still are trampled down by rank oppression's iron heel. Today I bought a pair of shoes from that old pirate, Godfrey Gough; the price has given me the blues—where does the husbandman get off?"

HUBBARD NEWS
Mrs. M. Durkheimer of Prairie, Or., spent the week at the home of her brother, H. C. Mack.
Mrs. G. R. Ankler of Goble, spent a few days in Hubbard this week, visiting relatives and friends.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ehlson and three children of Aurora, were guests Sunday of Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Weaver.
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Fredrickson of Monmouth, spent the past week with their parent, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Fredrickson east of Hubbard.
Several teams and men are at work on the new road and at present are making the fill at the bridge near Wolfers' spring.
Born at the Hubbard hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gray, Saturday Nov. 10, a baby girl; to Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hurdler a baby girl, Tuesday Nov. 12.
Mrs. C. H. Claver has been on the sick list the past week, suffering from an attack of rheumatism and a bad cold.
Mrs. Carl Schmitt of Harrisburg, returned to her home last week after visiting her sister Mrs. Schmitt, east of town.
Gus Fredrickson came in Tuesday and ordered the Enterprise sent to his sons, Oscar at Marshfield and Albin at Tillamook. The brothers have long since made good in the employ of the Southern Pacific.
Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Roberts were guests the past few days of Mrs. M. France, Mr. Roberts having been with the engineers on road work at Astoria, running a transit. Monday he left for the southern part of the state, Wolf Creek to engage in the same work on state road construction.
The condition of Mrs. Catherine Palmer, at the home of her son, J. F. Palmer, is not encouraging at this time. Mrs. Palmer was recovering from influenza received Saturday, Oct. 27, but since Sunday heart trouble has resulted which may cause death suddenly.
A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by the ladies of the Helping Hand society and friends, at a tea given at the home of Mrs. Caroline Fry last Thursday. Dainty refreshments were served by the committee consisting of Mrs. Fry, Mrs. H. Stahl and Mrs. H. P. Schall. Over five dollars was realized.—Enterprise.
HONEY PRICES GOOD
The bee men of Marion county will be interested in learning that Dr. Phillips of the bureau of entomology U. S. department of agriculture in his

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

NUMEROUS EXCUSES.

CHAPTER LXI.
Bob's business had been very prosperous and I could not understand why he wanted to branch out, go into something of which he knew nothing—or of which I thought he knew nothing. We still lived in the same apartment we had taken when first married, but Bob constantly talked of buying a house—a suburban home.
"The city is no place to raise two boys," he would say when we discussed the subject. "They will soon be old enough to romp and play, and a boy who is cheated of the country misses no much."
Often he seemed boyishly eager when talking of a country home, and finally began to look upon the idea with more favor than I did when he first suggested it.
"Just think, Margaret!" he enthused. "We could have a tennis court, and if we couldn't have links of our own we could locate near some club where I could play occasionally. Then it would be nice for you."
I looked up quickly. Bob's tone had been elaborately casual. It was the first time he had hinted that I too might like a lull outside of New York. Before it always had been the boys he had considered.
Bob was out a great deal at this time, but he always had an excuse. One I suppose he considered adequate. But often I was far from satisfied, and, as he talked of a country home, I wondered if he would be with me more than he was in town. I hated to leave father and mother, and I hardly knew what I should do without Elsie. Scarcely a day passed that I didn't see her; and her chatter about her children, her advice and assistance when I wanted to go shopping had become almost necessary to me.
If Bob had wanted to buy on Long Island I should not have hesitated so long, but he had seen a house over in Jersey that he claimed just suited him, and which he could get very cheaply, as the man who owned it was pressed for money.
"Why do you say it would be nice for me?" I asked. "I am not very keen about it."
"Well you see Margaret, you are not particularly happy now—a-ya. Perhaps you do not realize how much fault you find; how much you—I hate to say it—nag me. Then, too, you don't like my friends, and you practically have no society save your mother and Elsie. These might be people in a smaller place who would share your social tastes, and whom you might find congenial. That was what I meant when I said it might be nice for you."
A few days later he spoke of it again.
"You seem very anxious," I rejoined. "The boys are too small to consider seriously in our plans. Children of one and two years old cannot appreciate the advantages of country life."
"Don't be sarcastic, Margaret. It will be healthier for them. The air is better, and I want them to grow up sturdy little fellows, not weaklings," and his face showed the pride in his boys he always had felt.
"Perhaps," I said doubtfully. "But there's no hurry," and I dismissed the subject by asking him to come home early to dinner as father and mother were to be with us.
"I'm sorry, Margaret, but I have an engagement."
"What kind of an engagement?"
"A business engagement."
"One that cannot be put off?"
"I never break my engagements as you should know by this time."
"It seems that your excuses to stay out are becoming very numerous."
"If I were like some men I should make no excuses."
"Where are you going?" I asked, although I knew how he hated to be questioned.
"Down town," he replied, and that was all he would say. I tried to make him see that his attitude toward me was wrong; that I had a RIGHT to know all about where he went and what he did. But he either paid no slightest attention, or answered me impatiently, giving me no information.
He would not discuss his affairs with me at this time, absolutely refused to give me his confidence. He was nearly always courteous, as thoughtful of my comfort as ever; but he was indescribably remote. He appeared to listen to me, yet I knew he was not conscious of what I was saying. It seemed as if a wall had been reared between us and as far as mutual confidence went we were living on opposite sides of it. I talked to him constantly of it, I realize now that I must have worn him out with my importunities. But I did realize very keenly that something was wrong, even though I could not grasp what it was. Someway it seemed as if Bob no longer loved me—he no longer made love to me, seldom kissed me unless I asked him—and that he grasped at every excuse to absent himself from home. Time and time again I accused him of not loving me any more but he always put me off and tried to smooth things over.
I was nervous, irritable, and questioned his every move. When I begged his love, and hung upon his neck weeping, he would become impatient oftentimes, though I could see he tried to restrain himself and accuse me of making his home unbearable because of my nagging him all the time to love me.
(Tomorrow—Bob's Theory.)

THE "BLOOD AND IRON" POLICY

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The Daily Novelette

INCLUDING THIS WEEK.
(By the author of "The Man Who Smoked All Day or Frankfurter Fritz, the Half-Smoked King"; "Sixteen in Bed, or The Tully Garden"; "Siegridd Simplexus"; "The Winning of Winifred Wintergreen"; "In the Clouds, or The High Cost of Living"; "Silver Threads Among the Gold, or His Molars were Filled With Platinum"; "Felix Fido"; "The Conquest of Carrie Cassius"; etc. etc. etc.)
"Here's a cup of coffee and a well-derdown sandwich for you, poor man," said Mrs. Dunkopff sympathetically. "And you say you hurt your neck in a horrible accident."
"Fierce, lady, orful!" replied Dusty Diggins, as he took a swallow of the coffee and two bites of the sandwich.
"All of a sudden, like, I hears the roar of the engine load as thunder, and I quick looks up, but it was too late."
"To late!" breathed Mrs. Dunkopff breathlessly.
Dusty Diggins took a swallow of the sandwich and two bites of the coffee.
"Too late," he said solemnly. "The machine passed right over me."
"Well, you 'CFWFWPetaoinaoinet" "Well, over my neck too. You see, it was a airplane, and I strained my neck looking up at it." And Dusty Diggins laid down the empty cup and the empty sandwich and went on wending his way.

And He Did



Reduce Your Fat Without Dieting

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THE FACTORS IN PUBLIC SERVICE

(The Spectator Portland, Or.)
Three quite important factors are involved in public service: The public, the operators, and the investors. Public service, to be really what it pretends, must be adequate; it must give to its patrons full return, including comfort and convenience, for what they pay for it. The employees should be of a class capable of giving such public service and, therefore, should be fairly paid and given such working conditions as may be in accordance with humanitarian principles and also such as will enable the workmen, while on duty, to give to the service the best that is in them. The investor must be assured of fair and equitable treatment, the proper security of the funds, he has honestly invested, and the right and the power to earn thereon such a return as will encourage him to increase his investment as and when reasonably necessary to discharge the obligations of public service.
No question involving the conduct of a public utility should be or can be properly decided without fair consideration of each of the three factors involved.
In the last fifteen years the principle of regulation of public utilities has been adopted by nearly every state in the union. In the beginning of the era of regulation the regulatory commissions almost universally recognized an obligation to the public for the service of public service, utility, and, as a preliminary step, required and made valuations of the properties devoted to the public service to be used as a basis of determining the reasonableness of the charges for the service as reflected in the rate of net return received by the utility upon the values so found. This is the present stage in the era of regulation, and one of its principal defects is that in calculating the net returns to which the utility is entitled upon its valuation, the commissions have assumed that the costs of operation, insofar as such costs involve wages and working conditions, are fair and in any event not within the jurisdiction of the commissions to investigate.
Remember that it is easier to find fault than to praise.

Mount Angel Dedicates Fine New Roadway

Salem, Or., Nov. 17.—Mount Angel was the host today to hundreds of visitors who swarmed from Salem, Silverton, Sublimity, Woodburn, Oregon City and other Marion and Clackamas county points to join in celebrating the completion of a 2 1/4-mile stretch of concrete highway from Silverton to St. Benedict Abbey.
The celebration was in the nature of a good roads day and all shadow of a doubt, if ever there was any, as to Mount Angel being essentially a good roads community was dispelled forever today.
From first to last the celebration was in keeping with the program of spirit which is drawing Oregon out of the mud and it is safe to say that Mount Angel will be heard and seen with any movement that has for its object the betterment of Oregon highways.
Visitors were greeted in the morning by the band and a parade. And address of welcome was given by the Right Reverend Titular Abbott and a talk by John Murphy, of Portland. A dinner was enjoyed at St. Mary's Hall as a feature of the celebration and the opening of a luncheon held there. A band concert also was enjoyed.
In the afternoon strong addresses were given. J. J. Keber, president of the Commercial club, acted as toastmaster; and R. L. Young, Mayor of Mount Angel, delivered an address of welcome. Judge W. M. Busby, county judge of Marion county, responded to the toast "Our Country" and Governor Wirtz came to the toast "Our State". E. J. Adams, member of the state highway commission, spoke on "Oregon's Future Roads" and Judge Grant B. Dimick, of Oregon City, spoke for Mount Angel. A. Warren Gould, head of a new quarry opening at Mount Angel, spoke on the new industry, and the Rt. Rev. Abbott Phaedrus also spoke. The celebration drew forth probably one of the largest crowds that has ever gathered in Mount Angel and to a man they were good roads boosters.

MRS. CLYDE WOODHAM DIES

Tillie May Woodham, wife of Clyde A. Woodham of Seaside, announced death's call Wednesday evening in Astoria hospital. Death was caused by septic pericarditis and pleurisy around the heart.
Mrs. Woodham's condition became alarming Monday, and on Tuesday she was taken to Astoria, where she could have the benefit of hospital supervision. The end came early in the evening Wednesday, October 31.
Mrs. Woodham was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kromling of Hubbard, and was born in York county, Pennsylvania, May 1, 1854. She came here at the time of her marriage, seven years ago, and has since resided here. Two children came into the home: Howard, now aged nine years, and Leona, aged seven years.
Beside the husband and two children, deceased is survived by her mother, four brothers, James, Benjie and M. R. Kromling of Hubbard, and A. L. Kromling of Applegate, Oregon, two sisters, Mrs. Roscoe W. Baker of Seaside, Wash., and Mrs. H. E. Dimick of Hubbard.—Hubbard Enterprise.
Harold Lockwood's latest picture is "Love Me for Myself Alone."

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